

SONGS, DUETTS, TRIOS,
CHORUSSES, &c. &c.

IN THE
COMIC OPERA
OF
THE BANDITTI;
OR,
LOVE'S LABYRINTH.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

THE MUSIC BY DR. ARNOLD.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXXV.

JOHN BURT TRIST

CHORUS

OF THE

THE BANDIT

LOTT'S



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marquis de Quintano	-	-	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Fernando	-	-	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Ricardo	-	-	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Phillipo	-	-	Mr. LEONI.
Ramirez	-	-	Mr. REINHOLD.
Sanguino	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Padrillo	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Spado	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Francisco	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Rapino	-	-	Mr. ROBSON.
Gambo	-	-	Mr. FEARON.
Calvette	-	-	Mr. L'ESTRANGE.
Marchioness de Quintano	-	-	Mrs. INCHEALD.
Victoria	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Ineffilla	-	-	Miss HARPER.
Pepina	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Agnes	-	-	Mrs. PITT.

Banditti, Servants, &c.

1900

S O N G S, &c:
I N
T H E B A N D I T T I.

A C T I.

A I R and C H O R U S.

Ramirez, Spado, Sanguino, &c.

Chorus. **H**ERE we sons of freedom dwell
In our friendly rock-hewn cell;
Pleasure's dictates we obey,
Nature points us out the way;
Ever great and ever free,
Valour guards our liberty.

B

Air.

Air. Of severe and partial laws,
Venal judges, Alguazils;
Dreary dungeon's iron-jaws,
Oar or gibbet, whips or wheels.

How can we think
While we drink
Sweet Muscadine?

Cho. O life divine!

Cho. Here we sons of freedom dwell, &c.

AIR—*Ramirez.*

FLOW, thou regal purple stream,
Tincted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes!
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial King!

White

While I live, I'll lave my clay,
 When I'm dead and gone away,
 Let my thirsty subjects say
 A month he reign'd—but that was May.

AIR—*Fernando.*

SERENELY smooth the moments run
 With him, who, from his natal hour,
 Has ne'er beheld the splendid sun,
 Nor sov'reign nature's genial power;
 But by the bolt of Jove struck blind,
 Bereft of every ray of light;
 What poignant grief o'ercasts his mind,
 Who once has known the joys of fight!

B. a WAIR

(4)
A I R—*Padrillo*.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop'ing dreary dun,
And he'll get a wife as fast as he can,
With a haily,
Gaily,
Gambo raily,
Giggling,
Niggling,
Gallop'ing galloway, draggle-tail dreary dun,

II.
I faddled his steed, so fine and so gay,
Gallop'ing dreary dun;
I mounted my mule, and we rode away,
With our haily, &c.

III.
We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Gallop'ing dreary dun;
The nightingale sung instead of the lark,
With her haily, &c.

We

We met with a Friar, and ask'd him our way,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 By the Lord, says the Friar, you are both astray,
 With your haily, &c.

Our journey, I fear, will do us no good;
 Galloping dreary dun;
 We wander alone, like the babes i'th wood,
 With our haily, &c.

I heard a shot fired, and I'll take a peep,
 Galloping dreary dun;
 But now I think better—I'd better go sleep,
 With my haily, &c.

AIR

AIR—*Ineffia*.

AH! solitude, take my distress,
 For my griefs I'll unbosom to thee,
 Each sigh thou canst gently repress,
 And thy silence is music to me;
 Yet peace from my sonnet may spring;
 For sweet peace let me fly the gay throng:
 To soften my sorrows I sing,
 Yet sorrow's the theme of my song.

AIR—*Agnes*.

MY cheeks were as plump as a grape,
 As white as the snow drop my skin;
 A pine was the type of my shape,
 And a dimple I wore on my chin,

I lik'd, and was lov'd by a spark;
 When I fung or I danc'd on the lawn,
 My song was the notes of a lark,
 And my dance was the bound of a fawn.

No

No longer those graces I boast,
 For my cheek like a raisin's shrunk in;
 My smiles in my wrinkles are lost,
 And the dimple is fled from my chin.

When youth and its pleasures depart,
 It's a folly to fret or repine;
 A laugh shakes the ice from my heart,
 And it's thaw'd by a flask of old wine.

CHORUS—*Servants.*

WE' LL range thro' the forest in spite of the
 weather,
 For fear of the wolves tho' let's keep all to-
 gether;
 Let the lightning dart on us [*lightens*] see,
 fee! what a flash!
 And the thunder may roll, [*thunder*] hark! the
 terrible crash!
 Let the thunder and lightning, and wolves be
 combin'd,
 Not a servant returns 'till our master we find.

AIR

A I R—*Ineffable.*

THE musk-rose blooms in thorns and tears,
 Yet queen of all the garden reigns;
 While Phæbe in a cloud appears,
 Her virgin lustre she retains.
 If foes are cruel, friends unkind,
 A thought consoles each deep distress,
 That conscious rectitude of mind,
 In fortune's frown, has pow'r to bless.

II.

For sweets, the tulip, proud and gay,
 Unto the humble vi'let yields;
 And Philomel's sequester'd lay
 Transcends the chorus of the fields.

If foes, &c.

QUARTETTO.

Fernando, Victoria, Agnes, and Spado.

Fern. Fortune, aid or I'm undone,
 Roguish Cupid, sly and smart,
 When I thought the game was won,
 Gives a diamond—takes my heart.

Vic.

Vic. Polite to a lady! *(bell rings)*

Agn. The supper bell's ringing.

Vic. Pray Agnes what said he?

Agn. I believe he was singing.

Fern. Dear lady, excuse me,

Your eyes don't refuse me

A kiss of your beautiful hand.

Vic. (aside) More bright than I thought him,

My features have caught him,

Cortijo, he's at my command.

Agn. Up to her go near,

You're a tall Cavalier.

She'll not take it amiss

If you give her a kiss.

Enter SPADO.

Spa. My fine little woman, well met—

For supper pray what can I get?

I've search'd the house round,

And *nothing* I found,

But *something* is better to eat. *(bell rings)*

Agn. Young madam! Sir! the supper bell.

Spa. A glorious sound!

Agn. I know it well.

C

Fern.

Fern. Sweet lady your hand, tho' no claim to
your heart.

Vic. When both I bestow, then they never
shall part. *(bell rings)*

Agn. Signor,—ma'am,—the supper bell.

Spa. A glorious sound, I like it well.

Fern. Transporting
Vic. Triumphant } Joys my hopes foretel.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

—AIR—*Spado.*

NO longer a robber or rover,
 My frights and my troubles are over;
 Now I'll dance, and I'll sing,
 Like a snug little king,
 And henceforward live always in clover.

A I R—*Spado.*

THE Prado I resorted,
 That brilliant place,
 This comely person sported,
 All dress'd in lace.

'Twas all about reported,
 But no disgrace;
 The lovely maid I courted
 Lik'd—this pretty face.

Oh, what a handsome pair were we,
 Dance o'er the Lady Lee—
 I lov'd her, and she lov'd me;
 Such a gay lady.

II.

When first my presence bless'd her,

"Sir, what d'ye want?"

And when I'd have caress'd her—

"Indeed you shan't."

So cunning I address'd her

With sigh and pant,

That soon I kiss'd and press'd her—

I'm so gallant.

Oh, what a handsome, &c.

A I R—*That part*

NEW *This comely person* **graces**

The thoughts of a lover,

Invited, expected, and sigh'd for occasion:

Sweet faces

Fresh sweetness discover,

Our eyes then are diamonds; our cheeks are
carnation.

Those eyes glances stealing,

Fond blushes revealing,

Sage prudence concealing

The wish of our hearts.

But

But when once we gain his hand,
In love's link we chain him round.

Now pleasing,

Now teasing,

In giddy flirtation.

Da. Ca. New graces, &c.

A I R—Paphos

A I R—Paphos

DAME Nature, in forming a creature so fair,
Each beauty selected, then cull'd the most rare;
Two bright constellations she caught for her eyes,
A station so blest, can they wish for their skies?

The gale lends its sweets as from Paphos it
blows;

The snow-drop its whiteness—its blushes the
rose,

Bright Venus her hair, as from Ocean she
sprung,

Sage Pallas the accents that fell from her
tongue,—

Tho' Nature, in forming this creature so fair,
Each beauty selected, and cull'd the most rare;

Yet

Yet Fortune, her step-dame, severe and unkind,
Is unjust to her worth, to her beauty is blind.

A I R—Padrillo.

YOUR barber's shop's a tomb,
All toothless is his comb—
His razor rusts in mould,

His curling iron's cold;
So hard his hone,
It's his head stone;
And your barber now lies all alone.

Now death's great scythe doth shave
His whiskers in the grave;
And much it's to be fear'd
Poor Trim's without a beard:

So hard his hone,
It's his head stone;
And your barber now lies all alone.

A I R

A I R—*Fernando.*

REVENGE, in leaden fetters bound,
Lie dormant in my breast;
'Till time turns fortune's wheel around,
Then rise in terrors drest:

And yet, the hour of vengeance come,
Soft love would banish strife;
Those radiant eyes that guide my doom
Protect a parent's life.

A I R—*Inesilla.*

BY woes thus surrounded, how vain the gay
smile
Of the little blind archer, those woes to beguile!
Tho' skilful he misses—his aim it is crost,
His quiver exhausted—his arrows are lost.
Your love, tho' sincere—on the object, you lose:
How sweet is the passion!—Ah, must I refuse?—
If filial affection that passion should sway,
Then love's gentle dictates I cannot obey.

D U E T

D U E T—*Fernando and Inesilla.*

ITALIAN Queen! to thee we pray,

Record each tender vow;

As night gives place to chearful day,

Let hopes of future bliss allay

The pangs we suffer now,

A I R—*Phillipo.*

SAY, charming maid, ah! why so coy

Unto the youth who loves so well?

Thy gracious smile gives ev'ry joy—

Thy frown a pang no tongue can tell,

To thee the matin song I raise,

Ere gay blooming Flora

Has welcom'd Aurora—

At noon from Sol's refulgent blaze,

In close braded bowers,

On beds of sweet flowers,

Reclining—

Adoring,

Yet pining;

Imploring—

Soft

Soft ditty

Repeating,

Your pity

Entreating,

'Till the nightingale's lays—

In vespers seraphic bid Nature repose—I

Her strain on a lover no slumber bestows,

Nor balm to his mind, or relief to his woes

To thee the matin, &c.

A I R—*Francisco.*

WHEN I was young, no swain you'd see

So gay, so brisk, so full of glee;

At Sunday gambols, who, like me,

Could foot it up so featly?

My pipe to hear

From far and near,

Each female came,

Both girl and dame;

And this my boon,

For ev'ry tune,

To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

When I was young, &c.

O I R T

D

For

11.

For me the lasses made the ring;
 For this I'd play, for that I'd sing—
 So charm'd!—oh! how they'd round me cling:

I caught their ears so neatly.

My soft hautboy
 Fill'd all with joy;
 I touch'd my flute,
 The crowd was mute.
 And this my boon,
 For every tune,
 To kiss 'em round so sweetly.

For me the lasses, &c.

A I R—Pepina.

HAPLESS lover! cease to wooe me—
 Tender sighs you breathe in vain:
 Why with eyes o'erflowing view me?
 Ah! I must not love again!

Hapless lover! &c.

T R I O

T R I O—*Francisco, Phillip, and Pepina.*

Pep. **HOW** can I marry if I am a nun?

Phil. Lord what a pity!—then I am undone!

Fran. Courage, you have her as sure as a gun,
All amongst the leaves so green O.

Pep. Father,

Fran. Daughter,

Pep. Does he love?

Phil. That I'll prove.

Hey down,

Pep. Ho down,

All. Derry, derry down,

All amongst the leaves so green O.

Pep. I'll be a nun, so be quiet I desire—

Phil. Lord what a pity—for love I expire.

Fran. Then if she turns nun, why do you turn
friar.

All amongst, &c.

Pep. Father, &c.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

A I R.—*Victoria.*

LOVE's gay illusion !

Pleasing delusion !

By sweet intrusion

Possesses the mind.—

Love, with love meeting,

Passion is fleeting ;

Vows in repeating,

We trust to the wind,

Da. Ca. Love, &c.

Faith to faith plighted,

Love may be blighted ;

Hearts often slighted

Will cease to be kind,

Da. Ca. Love, &c.

DUETT

D U E T T—*Phillipo and Pepina.*

Pep. FAREWEL ye groves and chrystal
fountains,

The gladfome plain and silent dell;
Ye humble vales, ye lofty mountains,
And welcome now my lonely cell:

And ah! farewell, fond youth, most dear,
Thy tender plaint, thy vow sincere;
Approach and share the parting tear,
And take a long a last farewell.

Phil. Farewel ye groves and chrystal fountains,
The gladfome plain, and silent dell;
Ye humble vales, ye lofty mountains,
Since you prefer a lonely cell;
And ah! no more, sweet maid, you'll hear
My tender vow, my plaint sincere;
Behold I drop the parting tear,
And take a long, a last farewell.

A I R

A I R—*Spado.*

OF thumps and knocks,
 On pates, like blocks,
 I was a mighty lover;
 From sword and gun
 I scorn'd to run,
 The danger—being over,
 Carbines have spoke
 In fire and smoke,
 And rear'd for my assistance;
 Some fought, some died,
 Huzza, I cried—
 But at---some little distance,

When mighty blows
 Brought down our foes,
 'Twas then I did my duty;
 With sword in hand
 I took my stand,
 And bravely—snack'd the booty,
 My rapier's long,
 My arm is strong,
 And crack like any rocket;
 In plunder skill'd,
 I scower'd the field,
 And flew at every pocket,

A I R

A I R—*Pepina.*

AH me! simple maid, I have cause to complain;
 The fond youth I rejected I'd wish to regain:
 He'll fly to some other more wise and more kind,
 And the sighs of *Pepina* he'll give to the wind.

II.

Beneath yon green willow I'll sit all alone,
 While the brook in soft murmur repeats my sad
 moan:
 I'll weep o'er the stream, till my sorrows shall
 move
 His scorn into pity—his pity to love.

G L E E—*Pepina, Inesilla, Phillipo.*

CHASTE Dian smiles—approving
 My passion pure for thee;
 Ah, never cease from loving
 While thus belov'd by me,
 No, no,
 No, while thus belov'd by me.

DUETT

DUET T.—*Phillipo, Pepina.*

Pep. A faithful wife to thee I'll prove,
Phil. And I'll be constant to my love,
Pep. No more I'll change,
Phil. I'll never range;
Both. Nor time nor chance my faith shall move.

II.

Phil. No ruby clusters grace the vine,
Pep. Ye sparkling stars forget to shine,
Phil. Sweet birds to sing,
Pep. Gay flowers to spring,
Both. When this fond heart's no longer thine.

A I R—*Inesilla.*

Sweet pleasing,
 Heart easing,
 Joys around attending;
 The rich amends
 Kind fortune sends;
 Clouds, in fable storms portending,

Usher

Usher in the infant day;
'Till the glorious sun ascending,
Cheers us with his lenient ray.

F. I N A L E.

Fern. Each ungentle passion dies,
Peace and love appear in view;
Tho' the false Alphonso flies,
You shall find Fernando true.
Joys abounding without measure—
Jocund friends all blythe and gay—
Welcome here—but oh, the pleasure
If we send 'em pleas'd away!

Cho. Joys abounding, &c.

Ines. (to *Fern.*) Heav'nly blessings you impart:
To a parent's love restor'd;
Take a fond, a grateful heart,
Oh, my kind, my dearest lord.

Cho. Joys abounding, &c.

Fran. Wise I am, and that I know,
What you're at I cannot tell;
But since you will have it so,
I'm agreed—'tis very well.

Cho. Joys abounding, &c.

Vic. Signor, tho' you take my hand,
I retain my female sway:
Gently ask---but ne'er command,
I may love, but can't obey.

Cho. Joys abounding, &c.

Agn. Gaspard was my husband dear,
But, alas! he's dead and gone:
Was the lovely barber here,
He should shave you every one.

Cho. Joys abounding, &c.

Marq. Humbly, of each candid friend,
Kind indulgence we intreat;
That obtain'd, we'll lowly bend,
Grateful hearts with thanks replete.

CHORUS

C H O R U S.

Joys abounding without measure,
Jocund friends all blithe and gay,
Welcome here—but oh, the pleasure
If we send 'em pleas'd away!

T H E E N D.

(27)

C H O R U S

Joys attending without number
To find friends all hills and dale
Welcome here — but oh, the pleasure
If we could but please to stay!

C H O R U S
4 AP 54

